

DOROTHY DEE.

Dorothy Dee was a dear little girl, with shining blue eyes and hair all aflutter. She always smiled, and her eyes were so full of life that all the time she was around, you felt that she was a part of you.

Shining blue eyes with big tearful eyes, and a sweet smile, she was a real beauty. She was a real beauty, and she was a real beauty.

Very much troubled was Dorothy Dee. Just as she was about to go to bed, she was very much troubled. She was very much troubled, and she was very much troubled.

Without any doubt the dolly was dead. Why, a doll couldn't live without any heart! Never mind," said her grandma, "don't cry any more."

A new head will make him as good as before. "But, oh, my grandma!" said Dorothy Dee. "You can make my dolly all over again, but my poor little heart is broken to bits."

Next day, with her face all shining with joy, she came to her grandma and said, "I have a new heart for my dolly. It's a real heart, and it's a real heart."

Grandma found a new heart for Dorothy Dee. It was a real heart, and it was a real heart. It was a real heart, and it was a real heart.

AN X RAY TEST.

Aristotle Owen was professor of photography and radiography in the great science college which occupied the site of the old academy, and presented a far more appropriate view of the house of parliament. Its presence there greatly reminded old fashioned members that their constituents were no longer men whose first thought of ennoblement, but scientists, men of culture, of large mind, who needed enlightenment.

Education was on such an extended scale that, though people still started from want of the common necessities of life, they had the satisfaction of being able to analyze with scientific accuracy the slow progress of the diminution of tissue and the certain approach of dissolution.

Yet, with all his cleverness, Professor Owen had been unable to resist a prehistoric weakness—he had fallen in love with and married a very pretty woman. This, at first sight, appears only a great misfortune, to which many a great mind has heretofore been subject, yet it was of great service to the professor's peace of mind, for, though in 1920 science had made prodigious and progressive strides, there was still a great deal of the old-fashioned, and hence it was that, amid his most abstruse calculations and subtle deductions, harnessing thoughts of his pretty wife would arise.

And, which science demands, in the earlier and ruler age it might have been said that the professor was jealous, but the leading medical opinion of 1920 pronounced it as his grave opinion that Professor Owen suffered from aggravated cardiac acerbity, and the nervous irritability produced by this insidious disease caused him to watch his wife with lynx-eyed vigilance in her every movement. Nothing was too trivial to escape him, as it were, instantaneously photographed on his mental sensitive plate.

Professor Owen returned home to dinner. The table was daintily arranged, the food exquisite, his wife at the head of the table in perfect harmony with her surroundings.

"You lecture at the institute tomorrow evening, do you not, Aristotle?" she asked as the sweets appeared.

"Will you dine at home?" He looked up quickly. His mental sensitive plate was quivering with eager receptivity as he answered slowly:

"I find I shall not have to lecture. The expression of my wife's face altered perceptibly. A little pulse of annoyance contracted her pretty brows, and her lips curved downward with a disappointed, dejected droop.

There was even a faint note of distress in her voice as she answered plaintively, "Oh, I thought it was quite settled."

"Nothing but a scientific fact or a mathematical problem can be considered definitely settled," he answered dogmatically, then added in a tone he thought was genial and sympathetic:

"I hope my presence will not inconvenience you or disturb any arrangements you may have made."

"Oh, not at all. Only I—well, thinking you would not be at dinner and away all the evening, I asked Letty Golightly to come up from Winchendon and share my loneliness. Of course now, as I know she is not a persona grata, I will telephone and put her off."

"Do not, I entreat. I should much prefer that you should make no alteration in your plans."

And Professor Owen rose, left the room and retired to his study in a very bad frame of mind. The cardiac acerbity was rising most prejudicially to the professor's eyes—Miss Golightly possessed an unmarried brother who might have been mistaken for the husband of his wife.

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par. This brother—alas, for the weakness of great men—was the large cause of the professor's cardiac trouble.

Aristotle Owen sat, thinking deeply, of the telephone bell. Not only every house, but every room, possessed its telephone in 1920. He rose and placing his ear to the instrument listened.

"Can you lecture at the People's palace on 'Inchoate Hymenogony' tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock?" asked the voice of a much esteemed brother scientist.

Aristotle thought for a moment. A flash of inspiration came to him. He placed his lips to the tube.

"Yes, I can. Will you join me here at 6:30?"

The answer was evidently satisfactory, and the professor, with a face from which all uncertainty had vanished, joined his wife in the drawing room.

"I hope you have not put off your friend," he said.

"I telephoned to her, but she was not at home," he said.

"Well, do not alter your arrangements. Blatant has just asked me to lecture at the People's palace on by-mengony tomorrow at 7. He will call for me at 6:30. We shall have supper in the city, and I shall bring him here to sleep, but we shall not be home till late, certainly not before 12."

"Experiment I wish to try tonight, so do not wait up for me," he returned to his study and was soon deep in various strange preparations.

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"Be sure to come tomorrow evening. I have a new idea. I hope Jack is free."

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porch, and, turning the corner of the black, was joined by the clocked figure, and both disappeared in the darkness.

Mrs. Owen's little dinner had passed off pleasantly. The party curried had returned to the drawing room. Gay chatter mingled with the clatter of the coffee cups; music and merry songs succeeded the chatter. Two of the four amused themselves at the piano. The others conversed confidentially on the sofa.

Suddenly the brilliant light was extinguished and the room plunged in darkness. So startling was this abrupt change that the occupants of the room sat motionless, breathless, dumb. Then Mrs. Owen's voice rose in a little, tremulous cry of annoyance.

"This horrid electric light! It did the same thing the other night. And yet same thing these are the best turns. I feel so frightened, or I would ring for lights."

"It is very jolly as it is," said a man's voice. "I rather like the dark."

"Ah, but see what a ghastly light is playing over the wall. I believe there is something uncanny in the room," said Letty Golightly in a quivering voice. And in trembling expectation the four waited.

With equal endurances the light blazed forth again, and their nervous fear relieved itself in a burst of laughter.

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these legs by the sofa. Has one of them been broken?"

Blatant examined the skeleton shadow closely, then shook his head, discouragingly.

"The left knee is crossed over the right, and I cannot see the under bones distinctly enough to ascertain a fracture."

"Look at the legs by the piano!" cried Owen eagerly.

"Useless, my friend. The left leg is in the same line of focus as the right. Again I cannot discriminate between the separate bones."

"Her rings! Look at the left hands of the female skeletons!"

Blatant shook his head.

"It is no good. Those male skeletons have completely frustrated your design. See, that one standing up has laid his big bones over the smaller ones, and the two seated skeletons have their hands clasped. There is the appearance of a metal object, but I think it is on the bigger bones."

He looked up and met his friend's troubled, anxious eyes with undisguised amusement in his own, and, trying hard to repress the laughter which shook him, he said:

"It is no use this time, Aristotle. You must try again. The experiment was ingenious and interesting, but not convincing. You must insist on your wife wearing a metal anklet or cestus, or some other distinctive ornament. Then repeat this experiment. But I am afraid it is hardly to be expected that the results will be as favorable or the results as scientifically satisfactory.—London Truth."

At 11:30 the door of the professor's house opened. A shrill whistle was heard, which was again repeated. Then two light motor cabs glided up, and a woman's and a man's, entered a single man mounted the other, and the phantomlike vehicles disappeared into the night.

The lights in the drawing room went out and reappeared in the room above, and as a neighboring clock struck 12 and a motor car glided swiftly up to the door, and out of it Aristotle Owen and Blatant stepped. They paused a moment on the porch, then, entering the professor's study alone, he ascended the stairs and entered the study.

"I was troubled for years with a sore on my knee, which several physicians, who treated me, called a cancer, assuring me that nothing could be done to save my life. As a last resort, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking a number of bottles, the sore began to disappear and my general health improved. I persisted in this treatment, until the sore was entirely healed. Since then, I am a new man. I feel like a new man. I feel like a new man."

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